Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 42 MONTREAL, OCTOBER 18, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

The Value of the Wild Men of India.

(By the Rev. S. A. Perrine, Impur, Naga Hills, Assam, in 'Baptist Missionary Magazine.'

When I first went to Assam I met an intelligent educated Bengali 'babu' (gentleman) who could not understand how I could pass by civilized peoples like the Bengalis and the Assamese and go to preach the gospel to the wild, and to his mind, 'no account' Nagas of the Hills. Since there are many intelligent Americans who are unable to understand this matter allow me to say that the wild or Hill Tribes ought not to be considered less worthy than the apparently 'more desirable' peoples of the Plains; and for the following reasons:

First, All the 'wild men' of India are of splendid stock. They are related to the Chinese, considered the best blood of Asia, and present the most manly and virile missionary ground in the Empire.

Second, The hill man has 'snap' and 'backbone.' These the plains man lacks. In sturdy character the former will almost if not quite outclass his more refined Hindu brother.

Third, The Hill Tribes constitute virgin soil; the plains peoples a soil worn out by the weeds of a dead civilization; and it is a grave question if the so-called civilization of the Plains is not a hindrance rather than a help to the missionary worker. Civilization without God is a very doubtful good. A civilized evil is no better for being civilized.

Fourth, The plains people are weighted down, handicapped by old iron-clad institutions and traditions. For thousands of years these ancient institutions have been tested, and, found wanting, now hang like millstones about the neck of India to sink her to despair. It will require a long time and infinite power to effect a change with such people. The wild man's customs and institutions are easily given up. The difference is that of adamant and clay; the plains people are adamant run into a mould and 'set,' the hill men are clay ready for the potter's hands.

Fifth, The largest and speediest results have been obtained among the wild men. For example, witness the Karens in Burma; the Garos and Nagas in Assam. More than 900 converts were baptized in one year from 'only' one of the wild tribes. Burma and Assam rank among the very best missions in results; and yet in both rank is gained principally by the results among the wild men.

Sixth, In the matter of self-support the plains man is outclassed by his hill brother. It must not be forgotten that the model self-supporting mission of all the world, of any denomination, is among the once wild Karens of Burma. And the other hill Tribes are coming up to the standard set by the Karens.

Seventh, The wild men are increasing, so it is said, more rapidly under and take more kindly to British rule in India than the Plains men. While the educated Hindu is, in some cases, restive under the government of India, the wild men not infrequently come from across the border and beg the English official to take them under his government and protection, for he knows (what the educated Aryan heathen seems not able to learn) that he cannot govern himself. There is every evidence that the so-called wild men will one day be granted places of honor and influence by the side of the most noble of India.

A few years ago while at Kohima, a government station in the Naga Hills, I was invited to the 'officers' mess.' During the course of the dinner the colonel turned to me and said, 'Do you believe you are doing any good here among these wild Nagas?' I said, 'Most assuredly or I would not be here.' 'But,' said he, 'you do not mean to tell me that you think these Nagas can actually become converted and become real Christians?' 'Most certainly,' said I,' 'as surely Christian as any one.' 'Bah,' said he, 'they are worthless—no better than dogs; and I would as soon shoot one down as I would a dog.' 'But,' said I, 'you evidently forget that but a few centuries back our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were in much the same condition these Nagas are in. Christianity has made us what we are and will do as much for them, if you will only give the opportunity.' With evident haste he changed the topic of conversation for he saw the point; and that 'is' the point.

A HEATHEN NAGA.

A NAGA CHRISTIAN AND WIFE.

The Lord God Almighty in choosing his people passed by the high grade Latin and cultured Greek and self-conscious Jew and going out into the jungles of Europe chose two wild tribes, the Angles and the Saxons and cementing them together, gave them the gospel and sent them out into the world to become the mightiest force we have ever known in history.

So again history may repeat itself. God 'may' pass by the wise and noble of India and choosing two of the wild tribes of Central Asia make them the Anglo-Saxons of the Orient. Who can tell?

We are, however, safe in giving, according to the command of Christ, the gospel to all peoples and let them find their own place in the plan of God. We are safe, also, in doing most where there are the largest results—where God manifestly most largely sets his approval. Not less for the plains men but more for the hill men, should be our motto, in my opinion.

Finding the Way of Life.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston, recently of Chicago, but now pastor of a Presbyterian church in New York city, told in his introductory sermon this incident:

Thirty years ago a business man in Peoria, Ill., met a friend, William Reynolds, also a prominent business man in that city, and said to him: 'Mr. Reynolds, how long have we known each other?'

'About fifteen years.'

'Do you believe that it is necessary for me to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ if I am to be saved?'

'Yes.'

'Do you care whether or not I am saved?'

'Pardon my frankness; I do not want to hurt your feelings, but I do not believe that you care at all whether I am saved or lost.'

'What do you mean?'

'You are a professing Christian, an elder in the Presbyterian church. We have met frequently during the last fifteen years. I have heard you speak on many topics. We have had many conversations. I would have listened gladly to you if you had spoken to me on the subject of religion, and yet in fifteen years you have never said one word about my salvation. You have never tried to win my soul to Christ. I cannot believe that you care whether I am saved or lost.'

Mr. Reynolds with shame confessed that he had neglected his opportunities and then said to his friend: 'What has wrought this change in you?'

'I was in Chicago, yesterday, and when I started to come home a young man asked me if he might share my seat. As soon as the train started, the conversation started by him ran something like this: " Pleasant day?" "Yes." "Good crops this year?" "Yes, pretty good." "We ought to be thankful to the Lord for sending good crops." "Yes, I suppose we should." "My friend, are you a Christian?" "Well, I have a high regard for religion. I think churches are a good thing in a community." "Are you a Christian?" "Well, I cannot say that I am, now that you ask the direct question." "Do you think it

wise for a thoughtful man to go on for years without giving thought to this subject?" "No, honestly, I do not think it wise." "My friend, may I pray with you?" "Why, if we are ever where there is a good opportunity and you desire to do so, I do not think that I would object." "There never will be a better opportunity than the present. Let us bow our heads here behind this car seat." And with the train speeding through the suburbs of Chicago, and across the prairie, this man prayed for my salvation. I never saw a man so much in earnest. I know that he cared whether I was saved or lost. Just as he finished his prayer, the brakeman called out the name of a station, and my new-made friend was off. He had reached the door, when it occurred to me that I did not even know who he was. I rushed after him and asked his name, and he replied, "D. L. Moody." I am going back to Chicago to find him and to have him show me the way of life.'

Before Mr. Reynolds left his friend on the street that morning he had led him to Christ, and then Mr. Reynolds said: 'I am going to Chicago myself to find Mr. Moody. There is something wrong with my life.' I saw a man from Peoria on the Pacific coast some years ago, and I said to him: 'Do you know William Reynolds, of your city?' 'I know him well.' 'What is his business?' 'The people who know him best say that his business is to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he packs pork to pay expenses.' And then he told me of the change that had come into the life of Mr. Reynolds, after that street-corner interview, how he left his fashionable church in the heart of the city and went into the tenement district to labor for souls, establishing a church which has exerted a marvellous influence for good. I do not say that we should all adopt Mr. Moody's plan of winning a soul, but I do say that we should do whatever we can to lead men to Jesus Christ.—'Bible Reading.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

Victorian Indian Orphan Society.

LITTLE ONES TO THE FRONT.

This has been the case in regard to a short article which appeared in the 'Messenger' some time ago, when we appealed for help for the Famine Orphans in India. A Junior Christian Endeavor Society at Tara, Ontario, learning of the need, undertook the support of an orphan boy, and little Yakob, the youngest of the children saved by the Victorian India Orphan Society, from the famine of 1897, has been assigned to their care. Now these little folks will have the joy of knowing that they are giving the money which provides a happy Christian home, with careful and loving training for this dear little fellow who was so terribly ill from starvation when taken into the Orphanage that he almost died. It was a very long time before he could eat a proper meal. He was then three years old. Now he is well and happy and learning nicely, and our young friends, who are giving $17.00 a year for his maintenance, will have the pleasure of receiving reports of his progress from time to time. We would encourage them in their loving effort by reminding them of our Master's words 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.' This Orphanage work was commenced in 1897, the year of our late beloved Queen's Jubilee. A native Prince, the Maharajah of Dhar, presented ten acres of land, worth upwards of $3,000, for the Orphanage, on condition that the foundation stone should be laid on the Queen's Jubilee Day, which was accordingly done, amid great rejoicing, by the Prince's brother, the Prince being too ill to do it himself; (he died shortly afterwards); in commemoration of our good Queen. In connection with the year and the time of the Prince's generous gift, the name 'Victorian Indian Orphan Society' was selected.

At the present time more than seventy boys are crowded into buildings put up for only forty, so money is sorely needed to carry on the work for all the extra orphans who came in during the awful famine of last year. Surely there are many who would like to have a share in helping in this Canadian Orphanage at Dhar, Central India; the children are under the care of native Christian teachers superintended by a Canadian missionary, and reports are sent regularly from India to the Society in Winnipeg, from which place separate reports of the children are sent to the various persons or societies which maintain them.

Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg, will be glad to give any further information desired. As we know that the terrible famine sufferings of the people in India have excited wide felt sympathy, we trust the Winnipeg Society will be greatly encouraged and strengthened in its practical and most successful work by a hearty response from 'Messenger' readers, especially when we consider for how very small a sum, comparatively speaking, the children, rescued from the lowest depths of heathen degradation, can have a careful Christian training, at the same time being taught some useful trade to make them self-supporting as soon as they are old enough.

Perhaps some of our friends who could not undertake the maintenance of a child would like to help by becoming members of the Society, the fee for which is $1.00 a year, or friends might join in the responsibility and privilege of providing for one of these poor, helpless little ones, little ones for whom Christ died.

We hope, from time to time, to give short accounts of this interesting work.

The President's Favorite Hymn.

The hymn 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' was first introduced to American churchmen in 1842 in a hymnal compiled and published by the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, the famous Unitarian preacher.

The hymn has been a generative one. It seems to have suggested to Alice Cary her Lenten hymn, whose line is, 'Along the mountain tracks of life.' Miss Cary's authorship, however, is disputed. It appeared anonymously in Henry Ward Beecher's 'Plymouth Collection.' Whoever wrote it, the refrain 'Nearer to Thee' recalls the hymn of Mrs. Adams.

One of the most interesting phases of the history of the hymn is that not a few have sought to amend it, chiefly for doctrinal, not for literary reasons. It referred to 'a cross' that raised the singer and petitioner, and only the cross of Christ could have been intended. Hence 'the' "cross" has been one proposed change. It has been declared to be non-evangelical, to err by defect, and by omission. It was a hymn to the Father alone. There is no reason why it should be objected to on that account, any more than other hymns to him alone, such as Addison's 'When all Thy mercies, O my God.'—The Rev. James H. Ross, in 'Leslie's Weekly.'

He Would Not Pass It On.

(William Ashmore, D.D., in the 'Kingdom.')

I am going to suppose a case. Such an actual case never happened. It would have made a stir over all Christendom if it had.

It was at the Lord's Supper; there was a good churchful of disciples, and the deacons came along with the cup. The rule was for the man at the end of the pew to partake himself, and then pass it along to the next, and he to the next, and so on till the last one was reached. One man, right in the middle of the pew, got hold of it and partook and then held on to the cup.

'Pass it on,' said the man next to him who had had it, but he would not do it.

'Pass it on,' said the man beyond who wanted it, but he would not do it.

'Pass it on,' said the deacon in a low but earnest voice, but he would not do it.

The pastor saw there was some trouble in that pew. He slipped down on tip-toe, and, seeing how it stood, he said, 'Pass it on; the cup is intended for all; "drink ye all of it." It is not intended for you alone. It has come all the way down from the table till it reached you. Don't stop it; pass it along.' But the man clutched all the harder and would not pass it on. He wanted to keep it all for himself.

There is the Cup of Salvation. Christ filled it with his own hands. He gave it to his disciples to drink. Drink and pass it along. 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' 'Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth.' 'Go ye, therefore.'

So the apostles partook and then passed it on. They of Jerusalem passed it on to Antioch; and they of Antioch passed it on to Ephesus and Corinth and Philippi; and they of Ephesus, Corinth and Philippi passed it on to Rome; and they of Rome passed it on to Britain; and they of Britain passed it on to us in America; and we of America are to pass it on to Japan and China and India, and to the isles of the sea which have it not.

But now some there are who have got the cup and hold on to it and will not pass it on. 'It is good,' they say; 'blessed—oh most blessed.' But they will not pass it on. The heathen are perishing for want of that cup, but they will not pass it on. There is more salvation in that cup than they can ever use themselves, but they will not pass any of it along. When the brethren in other places conclude they must do some thing to hold forth the word and spread the blessing and come and ask them to join, saying, 'We have found it so good ourselves, let us pass it over to those million of poor Chinamen' they say, 'No. We do not believe in passing the cup along.' So they never give anything to save other people. Is that all right?

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Oct. 20, Sun.—O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.

Oct. 21, Mon.—The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.

Oct. 22, Tues.—Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.

Oct. 23, Wed.—Thou art my refuge.

Oct. 24, Thur.—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him.

Oct. 25, Fri.—He healeth the broken in heart.

Oct. 26, Sat.—Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Value of a Degree

(By Mrs. C. F. Fraser, in 'Forward.')

Frances Carter, B.A., was day-dreaming in the summer house when old Martha ungraciously jerked two letters onto the seat beside her. One of them was inclosed in a square-cut linen envelope ornamented with the familiar monogram of a great women's college. The other, cheap and commercial in appearance, bore in its upper right hand corner the name of the chairman of the local board of school trustees.

Old Martha frowned severely as the girl hastily tore open the college letter.

'If I was you, Miss Fran,' she said bluntly,

THERE ON THE WOODLAND ROADSIDE FRANCES CARTER, B.A., MADE SEVERAL NEW RESOLUTIONS.

'I'd look at the other first. Most likely it is to offer you a chance at the academy.'

The girl laughed musically as she replied: 'Do you think I have been working like a slave for the last four years in the hope of teaching in this country place?'

'You might do worse,' retorted Martha, shortly; then seeing that the girl's attention was on the letter, she made her way back to the house.

'Somebody's got to tell her before long,' she murmured, her stern face softening perceptibly at the thought. 'Poor Miss Fran! 'Tisn't likely that even that B.A. of hers will comfort her much.'

The letter from an old classmate who was now engaged as a tutor at the college was not wholly pleasing. 'Why should she say, as if it were a matter of wonder,' asked Frances Carter, B.A., with a touch of youthful egotism, 'that the professors still speak of her marked attainments?'

The word 'still' rankled not a little. Could it be that college fame was a mere evanescent glory? The girl remembered with pride that no other member of her class had had so distinguished a career.

'Our president,' wrote her friend, 'has received an application for a junior teacher from Latrobe Institute in New York. The opening will be in January. It is possible that you might care for the post though the educational standard is not high, nor the salary large, when the incidental expenses of city life are considered.'

In an instant Frances decided that her work in life was to begin in the fashionable boarding school which she knew by reputation. This was her opportunity. She would accept the appointment, and by virtue of her attainments and personality would completely revolutionize the tone of the school. Having thus established a reputation as a teacher and organizer she would leave her work in proper hands and become a professor in her Alma Mater where she would wield an influence hitherto unknown in the educational world.

So alight was her ambition that her face flushed rosily, and she sighed regretfully to think that so many months must elapse before she would be able to begin her career.

She went toward the house with light, springing steps and threw open the front door.

The sudden flood of light thus admitted served to daze her mother, who, with one thin, white hand on the banister, was slowly making her way downstairs. Mrs. Carter looked very wan; she gave a second nervous start as Frances called out a cheery 'Good-morning!'

'Dear child, how you do startle one!' she said half fretfully, drawing her wrap closely about her slender shoulders. 'You do not know what it is to have nerves.'

Frances laughed with great, good humor. 'Half the girls at college had nerves,' she said, indulgently. 'They never accomplished much, either, and I often thought that it was a question of carelessness and lack of will power after all. I am sure if I had let myself go to pieces for lack of exercise as some of them did, that I might have been in the same condition.'

The mother's tired eyes quickly filled with tears. 'There are other causes than lack of exercise for nervous prostration,' she said quietly as she sought her chair in the sitting room.

'Some of the girls worried a lot, I remember,' agreed Frances. 'They got into such states before examination times that they were really quite unfit to do their papers, and some of the poorer ones who did tutoring to help out with their class fees were really quite broken down in both body and nerves. I always felt sorry for them, but they had themselves to blame. Unless a girl is really strong and has sufficient to pay her necessary expenses she is foolish to attempt a college course.'

Mrs. Carter's eyes made a last vain appeal for daughterly sympathy, as Martha brought in her daintily prepared breakfast tray. Her daughter, however, was quite unheeding. Her thoughts were far away from the present needs.

'If there is nothing for me to do to-day,' she said, airily, 'I will take a long walk in the woods. I have a chance to go to the Latrobe Institute and I want to think the matter over.'

As soon as she left the room the tears which the mother had been holding back began to creep down her faded cheeks. It was, indeed, only by dint of much coaxing and by a show of authority that Martha could persuade her to sip her fragrant coffee.

'Frances doesn't know yet?' said the old servant, interrogatively.

The invalid shook her head. 'Mr. Carter will have to make an assignment to-morrow,' she said, despondently. 'He has been under such heavy expenses on Frances' account for the past four years that he has nothing laid by. The failure of the city firm, who were heavily in his debt, has been the last straw.'

'Can't you raise some money on the house and grounds?' asked the old servant, in a tone of grave concern.

Mrs. Carter's face showed a deep perplexity. 'We could easily get a couple of thousand in that way,' she said, quickly, 'but the trouble is that my father willed me the life use only of the place. At my death it goes to Frances, and it must, of course, be unencumbered.'

Martha made a queer noise in her throat. 'Miss Fran is not a child, 'she said.

'But her father will not allow me to ask her consent to any such arrangement as you are thinking of,' said the mother, warmly. 'He says that she has marked out a life for herself, and that he will not hamper her in any way.'

Martha carried the dishes silently from the room and then did an unheard of thing. Tying on her plaid gingham sunbonnet, she left her work and hurried down the woodland road in pursuit of Frances's graceful

figure. The girl was seated on a rock preparing to open the second letter that the mail had brought her. Her eyes rested proudly on the initials B.A. They represented more to her than words could tell.

'Why, Martha, what brings you here?' she asked, in surprise. 'I thought it took you all the morning to make those delicious cakes and whips which I so enjoy.'

The expression on Martha's homely face arrested her questions, and she gasped slightly as the woman said bluntly:

'I followed you down here to ask you what value you might put on them two letters you write behind your name.'

Had it not been that Frances was thoroughly familiar with the old servant's modes of speech, she might have had reason to doubt her sanity. As it was, she said simply:

'I value them more than I can tell. They represent hard but pleasurable work, and they assure me of employment. The value of a degree from a college such as mine cannot be estimated in money.'

'Yours came high,' said the servant, tersely. 'Your folks were always proud of your cleverness, and well they might be, and they laid out to give you the best education that money could buy. They didn't calculate though, that I ever heard of, that your mother should lose her health and your father become a bankrupt into the bargain.'

'What do you mean, Martha?' said the girl in an alarmed tone. 'I know mother is not well, but I fancied it was because she was getting to be an old woman, and father is just the same silent man I always remember, only grown older.'

' 'Tisn't age, but worry that is the matter with your folks,' said the woman, bluntly.

Frances drew Martha to her side. A realizing sense of her own ignorance of family matters bade her say humbly, 'Please tell me what the trouble is.'

'There isn't much to say,' said the woman, bluntly, 'except that your father's business has been in a bad way for the last three years. Your college expenses have used up all his savings, and now the failure of a big city firm will make him a bankrupt unless help comes from somewhere. Your mother hasn't never been strong and money worries have brought on all her present troubles.'

'W—what can I do?' asked the girl, helplessly, looking down at the envelope in her lap. Was it possible that the B.A. degree held no provision for such an emergency?'

'You can give your consent to mortgage the house,' said the servant promptly. 'You can get the principalship of the academy and earn five hundred dollars a year and pay the money to the home folks, and—and'—she added, hesitatingly, 'you can stop talking so much about the college. It kind of hurts your mother to have your thoughts there so much; seems as if you were comparing home folks with college folks, and she being nervous it wears on her considerable.'

There was good stuff in the girl, and then and there on the woodland roadside Frances Carter, B. A., thought several new thoughts and made several new resolutions. After she had opened the letter which, as Martha had conjectured, contained the offer of the principalship of the academy, she walked into the village and made her way to her father's office. She noticed, with an unwonted tug at her heartstrings, how worn and sunken his face had grown.

A very few words sufficed to make her errand plain, but, to her surprise, all her boasted control of her nerves disappeared when her father clasped her to his breast, and she felt tears of relief dropping upon her upturned brow. Then she, too, cried like a little child.

The father and daughter, after paying a satisfactory visit to the village banker, passed through the streets arm-in-arm, a pretty and somewhat unusual sight. Mrs. Carter, from her seat at the window, looked eagerly at them as they came up the garden walk. There was that in her husband's face which told of trouble averted.

'What has happened, John?' she cried, rising to meet him as he entered the room.

While the relieved father explained the situation Frances flew to the kitchen and caught Martha in a close embrace.

'Everything is to be as you said,' she cried, happily. 'From this out I shall be a model daughter, and'—there was even a gleam of fun in the face of the girl who had so bravely done her duty—'you must remember that I still have my ambitions. Perhaps in time you, too, will learn the value of a B.A. degree.'

The Crusade at Roxbury.

(By Mrs. J. Elliott Schnell, in 'Morning Star.')

'I tell you what it is, girls,' said Jessie Everett, in the energetic, go-ahead way that made her a leader among them, 'I believe there is a good deal of truth in what Prof. Bousteel said last night about our having so much influence over the boys, and it makes me feel as if we ought to be very careful what we say and do before them.'

'Well, I am sure none of us would drink even wine or cider ourselves, much less offer it to any young man, so I don't see but that our skirts are clear,' said Clara Barton, with a gesture of impatience, as if she would like to dismiss the subject.

'I wonder who I saw riding yesterday with a young gentleman who had a cigar in his mouth?' asked Emma Denham, with a sly look at Clara which caused her cheeks to flush and brought forth the quick retort:

'I guess the most of us will have to plead guilty to that.'

'That is a fact, girls,' said Alice Barnes, the usually quiet one, ' "though pity 'tis, 'tis true." I was thinking about that myself while the professor was speaking; and I believe there is temperance work for us right along that line. You know he said smoking and chewing produced such a continual thirst that it led many men to intemperate lives.'

'Yes,' chimed in Stella Higgins. 'He said, too, that nine-tenths of the young men who fell into drinking habits first learned to smoke and chew tobacco.'

'I think the other tenth is just about as bad, for they get so stupid and selfish,' said Ada Clark. 'You know that Mrs. Eagle who lives next door to us? I've been in there many a time when she was flat on her back with the sick headache, and that great lazy husband of hers would sit there rocking back and forth with his old pipe in his mouth and the doors and windows all shut—bah! it makes me sick to think of it! I wonder she ever gets over those spells, and, poor thing, she has them so often!'

'Well, I wonder she lets him do it. I think I would not stand it like that very long.'

'Perhaps she cannot help herself now. He smoked before they were married, and I suppose sees no reason why he should not keep on. Maybe she married him to reform him, as Prof. Bousteel said.'

Ada's comment was received with an expressive silence till Jessie again spoke.

'I think it is a disgraceful habit, any way, and I cannot for the life of me see what nice clean young men want to pollute themselves inside and outside, and I do not believe they would do it if they knew we, I mean all good girls, did not like it.'

'How are we to let them know it? Organize a club with a constitution pledging ourselves not to look at a young man who uses tobacco? We would have to pass by on the other pretty often if we did,' and Clara's voice was slightly sarcastic.

' "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted," quoted Alice Barnes, softly.

'But how are we to get at it? How can we "restore" them if we refuse to have anything to do with them?'

'That is just where the trouble lies, and we must try to plan a better way. Could we not kindly tell them that we believe tobacco using to be a bad habit and get them to thinking about it, and if they will read it give them some literature on the subject. Then if they are determined to continue the use of it, firmly refuse to accept any attention from them?'

Jessie's proposal was received with varied emotions. Each knew that it meant unpleasant scenes and perhaps sacrifice; and each was conscious of a shrinking at heart. 'The spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak,' and these merry, fun-loving girls realized how very weak indeed the flesh was. Just then Anna repeated in a low, soft tone, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me.'

'Girls,' Jessie spoke with an added earnestness. 'We must do it. I think we are all agreed on that. Now, had we better organize or work as each one can best?'

'We all belong to the Christian Endeavor Society, and have we not all pledged ourselves to do "whatsoever he would like to have us do?" '

'There you are, Anna, right to the point, as usual. I for one never thought of this as being one of the "whatsoevers," and Jessie added reverently: 'I am sure though, "He" would like us to do anything that will make men purer and better.'

'Well, I for one,' said Grace, 'am willing to agree to do all in my power to discourage the use of tobacco among men.'

The girls quite generally assented to this, and soon after separated for their respective homes.

Jessie stopped to do a little shopping, and as she turned toward the corner which led to her pleasant home she met Harry Edson with his stylish turnout, who quickly drew rein, exclaiming:

'Here you are. I have just been to the house after you. It is a perfect afternoon for a drive, and my colts need a little exercise. Will you go?'

Of all pleasures Jessie enjoyed that of riding the most, and she quickly assented, but as he alighted to help her in, she noticed a little curl of smoke issuing from between his fingers, showing that was only a temporary abiding place for the cigar, and she involuntarily drew back.

'O Harry, I want to go so much! But really I can't if you are going to smoke.'

'Is that all? Here goes, then,' and he gracefully threw the cigar away. 'Now jump in quick, my colts don't like standing still.'

Jessie gladly complied, and while she fancied a trifling coldness in his manner, her consciousness of having done right, and natural buoyancy of spirits soon asserted themselves, and ere long they were laughing and chatting as merrily as ever, for they had been friends almost from babyhood.

On her return, after the first exhilaration

of the ride had passed away, Jessie was conscious of a growing dissatisfaction with herself. 'What good did it do,' she thought, 'to get him to throw away that cigar if he is going to smoke just the same at other times when I am not with him? I wish he had asked me "why" so that I could have said more about it; and now I have promised to go to the concert with him to-morrow night! I am afraid I am not using my influence very much.' Long she thought and questioned with herself, but it was not until she had asked the guidance of her Heavenly Father that the way seemed clear.

So it came about early the next morning as Harry Edson sat at his desk in his father's office, that he was much surprised at receiving a dainty note that read as follows:

My Dear Friend:—In view of our engagement for this evening I feel that I must explain my strange request of yesterday. After carefully and prayerfully thinking over the matter, I have concluded that any gentleman who wishes my company must keep himself as pure and clean as he wishes me to be, and this, of course, includes the use of tobacco, which I think you will confess is not a clean habit.

Very truly your friend,
JESSIE EVERETT.

Harry's lips puckered and through them came a long, low whistle. 'Whew! who would have thought of her being such a fanatic! She is such a conscientious little thing she would rather die than do what she thinks is wrong. I suppose Prof. Bousteel is to blame for this. I wish he had never come here with his old lecture.'

Harry was a kindhearted, thoughtful young man, so after knitting his brows awhile over the note, he dashed off the following reply:

My Dear Little Friend:—Don't make a martyr of yourself just yet. Go with me to-night, and some time soon we will talk it all over.

Yours truly,
HARRY EDSON.

Clara Barton had rather a hard time. Her first trial came through John Buskirk, the son of a wealthy merchant, who never had known what it was to have his slightest wish crossed. They had been riding together many times and he had usually smoked without a protest on her part, so as he started to light his cigar one day, saying carelessly, 'I suppose you have no objections,' he was very much astonished to hear the quiet reply, 'Indeed, but I have.' Suspending the operation for a moment, he inquired:

'How long since have you changed your mind?'

'Ever since Prof. Bousteel's lecture. I had never thought of its being any harm before, but when he told how many men had become drunkards through first using tobacco, I thought I ought to do all I could to stop the young men from smoking.'

'So you think I am in danger of becoming a drunkard, do you?' and his face flushed angrily.

'Indeed, I do not,' protested Clara. 'But you know professor said that tobacco gets control of the user and fascinates and enslaves him, and I should not think any self-respecting young man would want to be a slave to anything of that kind.'

'I can stop when I choose, so I am not afraid of that!'

'If you are so sure why don't you stop now?'

'I will some day, perhaps, when I take a notion.'

Just then Clara noticed that he had turned into the road which led the nearest way home, and like a wise little woman tried to talk of other things, but he replied only in monosyllables until he was helping her to alight, when he said, sarcastically, 'If you think it is a disgrace to ride with me, I guess there are plenty of girls who will,' and smiling complacently, he lifted his hat and the next moment he was riding swiftly away.

Clara sighed. She was sure her appeal had been in vain, and felt a pang that was almost a regret as she slowly walked toward the house. Looking down the street she saw her brother coming, holding up a letter, and as she waited for him she could see that he was in no very good humor.

'I would like to know what has come over all the girls lately,' he exclaimed angrily, 'a fellow cannot walk a few steps on the streets with one now-a-days, unless he throws away his cigar first. Pretty expensive business for some of us if this thing keeps up very long!'

'Then I would economize by not smoking at all.'

'There, now, I know you are in the clique, too. I mistrusted it a minute ago when I saw John, he looked so sour. If you girls think you are going to force us fellows into giving up our rights and privileges in this way, you will find yourselves greatly mistaken.'

'Perhaps we girls have some rights, too.'

'What rights?' he demanded in a surprised tone.

'The rights to breathe God's free fresh air; the right to a companion as pure as we are ourselves. Honestly, Fred, not one of you boys would be seen walking or riding with us girls if we smoked. Why should you expect us to countenance it in you?'

'Oh, well, it's different with men, you know,' replied Fred, loftily, but her reply had evidently started a new train of thought, though he walked quickly away as if to dismiss the subject.

The Conversion of Lois Harper.

(Myra Goodwin Platz, in 'Epworth Herald.')

The new minister soon saw that Lois Harper was the leading spirit among the young people of Rockford. She had been educated at the state university, and, with high mental attainments, had the added gifts of beauty and worldly possessions. Before his special services Dr. Jenkins had a talk with the young lady, with reference to her joining the church.

'I do not believe in conversion as you do,' she replied, frankly, 'I admit that Christ was a great ethical teacher; I believe in an ethical religion.'

'Is there anything unethical in the Christian religion?' asked the minister. 'The ten commandments, the teachings of Jesus, and Paul's letters have a very ethical sound.'

'But, Dr. Jenkins, you believe it is necessary to have a mysterious change of heart—a something called faith—while I have learned that a high and lofty purpose is enough. I believe in the gospel of feeding the hungry and visiting widows,' Miss Harper explained.

'Cannot you add the rest — "unspotted from the world"?' interrupted the minister.

'I think I can live a pure and noble life without the Christ of the New Testament, or rather, without the experience you are thinking of,' the young lady said, haughtily.

The minister, after this, kept this misguided young woman in his prayers, and became more in earnest when he found that she led many of his young people into worldly ways. She was bright and generous, and they said: 'Lois is good, and she is not bound by any church rules.'

He finally decided to try an experiment, so said to her one day; 'I am going to turn one of my cases over to you, Miss Harper. A young mill girl is an invalid; she may live for months, and needs all kinds of help that only a girl of her own age would know how to give. She is in a very wicked family, but you will not mind that, for your desire to help humanity for humanity's sake must take in even the Croger family.'

'Certainly,' said Lois, glad to show that she would go where any deaconess dare venture.

Lois had often been among the worthy poor—those who worked and had become needy because of sickness or misfortune, but she was not prepared for the filth and squalor of the little old house where she found her 'case.' She turned sick and faint when she breathed the reeking atmosphere, and saw the wretched girl lying in the filthy bed. The sick girl looked as though she had not been bathed nor had her hair combed for weeks, Miss Lois dusted a chair with her handkerchief and sat down by the girl. 'Dr. Jenkins said you needed company so I ran in for a little visit,' Lois said with that lady-like tact which put others at ease at once.

The sunken eyes turned upon the stylish 'tailor-made' young lady, first with suspicion, and then with eagerness as her glance was met with a frank, sweet smile.

'How can you help me?' asked the sick girl. 'You never was so miserable; you never tried to kill yourself, as I did yesterday, and got caught,' and the poor girl drew open her dirty wrapper and showed a fresh wound in her throat.

'Is it because of the pain that you want to die?' Lois asked, trying not to show the horror she felt.

'Yes. I have a broken back; but that ain't the worst of it. Pa is a drunkard, and is in the saloon when he isn't in jail 'count of his big fights. Ma is out of heart an' will not try and tidy up when she comes home from washing. The folks upstairs has one of the worst dens in town, an' they keep me awake nights with their swearin'. The preacher told me about Jesus. He said if he was my friend I'd find some comfort even here. He said folks had been happy in prison, and all drawn up with suffering thinking what heaven would be, and if I prayed I might make pa and ma better. It would be worth a broken back if I could save my father. He's awful good when he lets liquor alone, an' crazy when he don't. Nobody but the minister knows it, but pa almost broke my back throwing me out when he came near having snakes. Won't you tell me about this Jesus that helps folks bear hard things and makes them fit to go to heaven?'

Here was a fine opportunity for Lois to make a new convert to her faith. She might tell this suffering creature to be a disciple of culture and live a beautiful life of devotion to others. She dared not tell her she was under the reign of law and that there was nothing higher than paying the penalty of her father's sin. She dared not tell her that God had no pity for her, and that all was uncertain about the life after death. It would be kinder to bring her poison and let her end her wretched life than to crush out what little hope had sprung up in her heart.

'My creed is for people who have health and wealth and leisure,' thought Lois, tears springing to her eyes as she felt her own helplessness to reach such an extreme case as this.

'Is there no one who cares for the poor and the sick?' cried the wretched girl.

'They say Jesus does,' replied Lois. 'When I was at college I met a nice lady who said

she was once a sinful girl with a drunken father, and she found Jesus and became a lovely Christian, and her father became a good man. She was sick, too, I think; but I did not pay much attention to the story. She said all her happiness and prosperity began when she became converted.'

'What is converted?' eagerly asked the sick girl.

Lois hesitated. She wanted to be true to her 'logical conclusions,' that 'conversion' was simply a thing of imagination; and yet it might save this girl from despair to have such an 'illusion.'

'People think Jesus comes to them and forgives their sins. That he makes them fit for heaven, and makes them happy even in this world,' answered Lois.

'That is what I want,' gasped the sick girl. 'I've been a wicked girl, and I've cursed God about my back; but I want to be good and happy. Does Jesus change one inside so all the ugly thoughts are gone? And does he make it easy to die?'

'They say so,' said Lois.

'Why don't you know for sure?' cried the girl, with a look of agony. 'Don't fool me when I am hanging on the brink of hell, and know it, too.'

'Yes, it is so,' replied Lois, firmly, 'People who have had ugly dispositions become sweet, and men stop drinking, and girls often leave a life of sin, and people die happy after they have had this change in their heart. I have been a fool not to think of that instead of the reasonableness of the thing. Some claim that Jesus makes sick people well if they trust in him.'

'Oh, tell me how to find him,' cried the sick girl, tears running down her face.

'You must begin by praying, and believing Jesus hears you, they say,' said Lois. 'You can say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."'

'Oh, God be merciful,' sobbed the wretched girl. 'Oh, you pray, too. He might hear the likes of you sooner.'

Lois forgot all about her new religion. She was sobbing too, now, and it was a very humble, childlike prayer that came in broken words as she knelt by the wretched bed.

Then a wonderful, but very natural thing happened. The light broke into the darkened soul of Lois, and she sprang to her feet, crying: 'It is all true. I feel Jesus in my own heart.'

'And I do, too,' said the sick girl.

And Lois forgot the unwashed face and kissed her new sister.

Lois visited the invalid every day for months after that. She soon had the family in more comfortable quarters. The mother became one of Sarah's first converts, and kept the cottage neat and attractive. After a while the father came into the light; but there was a hard struggle first, which severely tried the faith of the three who were so earnestly praying for him. Sarah did not get perfectly well, but she became a cheerful invalid, able to walk on crutches and enjoy a good deal of life. Her little home was open for cottage prayer-meetings, and Dr. Jenkins called it his little church.

'Why did you send a girl with my skeptical views to one who needed Christ so much?' Lois once asked her pastor.

'So you might see that there were some cases your ethical culture would not satisfy,' replied the minister.

'My own case was such an one,' answered Lois with a happy smile.

Charles Buxton, the brewer, wrote: 'The struggle of the school, and the library, and the Church all combined against the beer-house and the gin palace is but one of the developments of the war between heaven and hell.'

A Bottle-Tree.

(By Henry Willard French, in 'Morning Star.')

Of all the grand, beautiful, and wonderful works of nature, there is nothing grander, more wonderful, nor more beautiful than trees.

Like wild animals, trees are adapted to protect themselves from the peculiarities of the climate and soil in the land in which they live; but more than many animals, they are often adapted to furnish some peculiar variety of food or drink, or material for clothing, without which human beings could hardly exist in their neighborhood.

There is a fountain-tree which grows miles away from water, with leaves from which every morning there drips such an amount of clear, cold water, sucked up from deep in the ground, that many families subsist upon what they collect from a single tree.

In warm countries the trees have no fear that their leaves will freeze, and have no need of shedding them till more have grown to take their place and protect the limbs and fruit from the hot sun; but in such countries, Australia, for instance, many of the trees actually shed their bark instead of their leaves; just as an outer coat is taken off when the weather becomes warm. But of all the curious trees of Australia the bottle-tree is the oldest.

AUSTRALIAN BOTTLE-TREE.

It did not obtain its name because it bore bottles for fruit or anything that looked or acted like bottles, but because the tree itself makes a very respectable-looking bottle.

First, there is the base of the trunk, which, like an old-fashioned bottle, is considerably smaller than it is a little higher up. Then the rough trunk rises in a curve, growing gradually larger, without a single branch, till suddenly it takes a notion to narrow in again.

It becomes not more than half as large—often not more than a quarter as large—a few feet below, when the branches shoot out abruptly; and a mass of them there is, each one thickly covered with leaves, till the top is one quivering cloud of green, like a great stopper or cork.

The bottle-tree is very useful in many ways, but its fame is for its oddity.

Klondike Gold

(Mary T. Van Denburgh, in 'Cassell's Little Folks.')

As Tommy said afterward, it was all owing to Mrs. O'Brien. She called to him as he was passing her door on his way home from work. 'Here, Tommy,' she said, 'take this up to your sister. I was bakin' custards; an', thinks I, maybe that poor, sick baby cud ate some.' And she handed Tommy a tray covered with a newspaper. 'There's wan for you, too,' she aded.

'Oh, thank you, Mrs. O'Brien; but is the baby worse? What did the doctor say?'

'He says it's the country air she's needin', an' that's all. Now, don't be worryin' yer mamma about it whin ye go up. Come down an' see me if ye want to talk.' When Tommy was out of hearing, she continued to herself: 'Country air, indade! Sure it's anybody cud tell that! If the doctor 'ud write a prescription to cure the poverty it 'ud be more help to thim. Wid his father out of work an' his mother takin' care of the sick baby, it's Tommy's money they're livin' on, an' him on'y an errant bye! If they get enough to ate they're lucky, let alone country air!'

Meanwhile Tommy had climbed the stairs to the tiny flat that was now their home. His father was there, tired out from his day's search for work. His mother was sitting by the bed, where the little girl lay, her face flushed with fever. Tommy took the paper from the tray, uncovering two cups of custard and a little pile of cookies. He thought anyone, sick or well, could eat such tempting dainties; but the baby, after tasting the custard, pushed it away, saying: 'Water! I'm so thirsty!'

'She's been like that all day,' said the mother. 'Eat yours, Tommy.'

So Tommy ate the custard and, wrapping the cookies in the newspaper, went out to the back porch to share with Laddie, his dog. When the cookies were disposed of Tommy sat down on a box, with Laddie at his feet, and began to read the paper. He soon became interested in this paragraph:

OFF FOR ALASKA.

The steam schooner 'California' sailed yesterday afternoon for Dyea and Skagway. A hastily built structure partly covers her main deck and contains a number of small staterooms. On top of this are the lifeboats; but, as they are filled with sacks of grain and surrounded by lumber and bales of hay, they would not be of much use in an emergency. A few horses and donkeys and many dogs found accommodation on the after part of the main deck. The 'California' carried about one hundred passengers, each of whom hopes to return with a fortune. The schooner was delayed two hours on account of the large quantity of freight. Some of the dogs were purchased for good prices at the wharf and soon added their howls to those of their companions on board. Their owners expect them to be useful for hauling light sleds over the frozen passes which lead to the Klondike.'

Tommy slipped down on the floor, with his head against the dog's. 'Oh, Laddie!' he said, 'I wish I was big enough to go to Alaska and dig for gold. Just think! The gold's in the ground; and all you have to do is to dig it out and it's yours! You could go, too, and drag it home on a sled. The paper

says dogs do that. I wouldn't care how hard it was if we could bring back money enough for the baby to go to the country and get well. I would do anything for that.'

After a few minutes the little boy gave Laddie such a hug that the dog whined a protest. 'I have thought of a way, Laddie, I wonder if you will do it.'

The dog's tail said 'Thump, thump!' on the floor for an answer.

'But you don't know what it is yet. Will you go alone?' Will you let me sell you and take the money for the baby?' Two tears rolled down Tommy's face and Laddie licked them away. 'Oh, I wish I hadn't thought of it!' And the tears came thick and fast. 'You are all mine, Laddie. If I can make up my mind to spare you, will you go?'

'Thump, thump!' said the tail again. Laddie was trying to cheer his little master and did not know that Tommy understood him to consent to the plan.

Tommy thought about it all the evening and after he had gone to bed. Before he fell asleep he had decided that, as he could help in this way, he ought to do so. He dreamed that the Pacific ocean was frozen over and that he, rolled up in furs, was seated on a little sled, which Laddie was drawing over the ice up to Alaska.

They went faster and faster, the bells on Laddie's harness jingled louder and louder, and, just as the snow-covered mountains came in sight, Tommy woke up, to find that Mrs. O'Brien, in the lower flat, was ringing her breakfast bell.

Tommy had a holiday; and, saying he was going for a walk, he took the dog and went to the wharf, where he hoped to find a steamer sailing for Alaska. Sure enough, there was the crowd of people, the steamer with black smoke pouring out of the smoke-stack, men hurrying back and forth with boxes and bundles and all the noise and excitement of an outgoing steamer. Tommy stood looking at it and trying to decide what to do.

Soon a man came to him. 'Is that dog for sale?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' said Tommy.

'Let me see his feet.'

Tommy lifted them, one after the other.

'That's a good dog. Half of those barefooted ones on board will be worthless for travelling over ice and snow. This one has hair on his feet to protect them from the cold. I've been to Alaska before and I know. How much do you want for him?'

Tommy said faintly, 'Fifty dollars,' and then trembled at his daring.

'Is he your own?' asked the man. 'Why do you want to sell him?'

Before he knew it, Tommy was telling the story of the sick child and the way he had thought of to help. The man asked his name and address and wrote them in a book he took from his pocket. Then he gave Tommy three twenty-dollar pieces. 'I dug the gold in the Klondike and the money is fresh from the mint. Give the extra ten to the little girl,' said he, and, taking Laddie's strap, led him on board the steamer.

Soon the whistle blew, the ropes were cast off and slowly the steamer swung away from the wharf. Not till then did Tommy realize that he never should see Laddie again and he buried his face in his arms and sobbed; but so many in the crowd were weeping at parting from friends that no one paid any attention to Tommy.

Suddenly a shout was heard from those on board the steamer, answered almost immediately by the people on shore.

'It's a man!' exclaimed someone near Tommy.

'No, I tell you, it's a dog,' said another.

Tommy raised his head, looked in the direction the man pointed and saw Laddie in the water, swimming toward him!

The dog found a way to get up on the wharf and ran to Tommy, keeping the crowd at a distance as he shook the water from his hair. The steamer went farther away; and the bewildered boy and the dripping dog stood together, watching her grow smaller and finally disappear behind the point. Then, escaping from the many questions people were asking him, Tommy started for home, leading Laddie with one hand and clasping the bright new gold pieces in the other.

You see Laddie had not promised to go to Alaska; and, when he found himself on the moving steamer and knew that Tommy was left on the wharf, it was more than his loving heart could endure. And, breaking loose from his new owner, he jumped overboard and swam ashore.

Tommy had to explain things, of course, as soon as he reached home. His father listened to the story, and then said: 'Well, Tommy, I don't know what to do. The man should have either the dog or the money; but if he has gone to the Klondike and you don't even know his name, I don't see how we are to find him. I will think it over until to-morrow.'

The next day the problem was solved by a letter for Tommy. This is what he read:

Mr. Thomas Jones—

Dear Kid,—You are down on your luck, and I am going to the Klondike, where I struck it rich last summer. So I want you to take your dog back as a present from me. A dog that left his heart behind him would be no use in Alaska anyhow. Send the little girl to the country with the money. Yours for better times, NUGGET JIM.

Steamer 'Golden West,' Pacific Ocean.
Mailed by the pilot.

The little sister and the mother went to the country, where Tommy and his father soon followed; for the mother heard of work there for her husband. They live in a cottage with a pretty garden, the little girl is well and strong again, Tommy goes to school, and Laddie is the happiest dog for miles around. When Tommy told Mrs. O'Brien, as he was bidding her good-by, that it all came from her covering, the custards with an old newspaper, she said: 'Will yese listen to the blarnyin' tongue of the bye! What had I to do wid it?'

Curious Uganda Stories.

When a Muganda buys a New Testament or other book, he at once hunts it through to see if he can find any cracks, etc., in the paper, which might cause it to last for only a short time. If such be found, the book is at once returned to be exchanged for another.

Many of the Waganda will often spend all their spare time for weeks in copying the marginal references from an English Bible into the margin of their Luganda ones. The B.F.B.S. have just supplied an edition of 2,000 copies of the New Testament with marginal references. These will be eagerly bought up on their arrival in Uganda.

In a letter to a missionary in England a Muganda boy wrote, 'Please copy out all the references in Isaiah and Proverbs, and send them to me that I may copy them into my Bible.' The next letter contained a reminder, 'Do not forget to send me the references.'

A Protestant Muganda may be known by the little bag of books which will usually be seen slung to his shoulder. A Roman Catholic has, instead of the Word of God, a rosary or medal hung round his neck.

A poor boy in Uganda, who had hardly ever had any nice clothes to wear, was asked by his master which he would rather have, a new cotton jacket or a New Testament. Without hesitation he replied: 'I can get on a much longer time without a coat—give me the Testament.'—'Faithful Witness.'

Two Great Journals.

'World Wide,' a weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres, and 'Weekly Witness,' pre-eminently the family newspaper of Canada, publishing all the news that is worthy the attention of the general reader. Both to January 1, 1902, for twenty cents. For Montreal and suburbs or Great Britain, postage extra.

Perchance in heaven, one day to me
Some blessed soul will come and say,
'All hail, beloved! But for thee
My soul to death had been a prey.'
Ah, then, what sweetness in the thought,
One soul to glory to have brought.

World Wide.

A Weekly Reprint of Articles from Leading Journals and Reviews Reflecting the Current Thought of Both Hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of issue of Oct. 5, of 'World Wide.'

All the World Over.

Berlin's Lively Boss—New York 'Times.'
A Tribute to Roosevelt—New York 'Outlook.'
Bishop Potter's Criticism of the Rights of Free Speech.
The British Premiership—New York 'Evening Post.'
The Aggravated Form of the War—Robert de Caix, in 'Journal des Debats,' Paris.
The Anatomy of the Pro-Boer—Professor Walter Raleigh, in the 'National Review,' London. Slightly abridged.
Is the World Growing Better or Worse?—Letters in 'Daily News,' London.
A Problem for Trusts—'The Nation,' New York.
'Bystander's' Comments by the Way—'The Pilot,' London.
Water for Jerusalem—London 'Times.'
The Engineers' Solution of the Irish Question—'The Times,' London.
The Trouble at the Isthmus—By Sydney Brooks, in 'The Speaker,' London.

Something About the Arts.

Albrecht Durer—By Charlotte L. Laurie, in 'Cheltenham College Magazine.'
Stories of Verdi and Morelli—From 'Pall Mall Gazette.'

Concerning Things Literary.

The Stream—Verse, by Robert Bridges, in New York 'Tribune.'
Love's Enchantment—Verse, by Elizabeth Gibson, in 'Chambers's Journal.'
Sleep—Verse, by T. McCallum
A Good Novel—'The Pilot,' London.
Anthony Trollope—By Leslie Stephen, in 'National Review,' London. Abridged
The Only English Monastic Order—'The Speaker,' London.
King Paragraph—'The Pilot,' London.
Now Shoot if you Dare—'Anglo-American Magazine.'
Criticism and the Faith—Letters in 'The Pilot.'
The Unheeding God—Sermon by T. G. Selby.

Hints of the Progress of Knowledge.

Enteric Fever in Campaigning—'The Hospital.'
New System of Working Railway Signals—'Chambers's Journal.'
White Rhinoceros Extinct and African Elephant Dying Out—'Evening Sun.'

Only **15** Cents.

TO JANUARY 1st, 1902.

A Club of **FIVE SUBSCRIBERS** can have the paper to the end of the year for **50** cents.

Address,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal, Canada.

The King in His Beauty.

(By C. Nicholson, in 'Onward.')

'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty. Thou shalt behold a land that is very far off.'

One very grimy little hand held the dainty text-card, the other was imbedded in a shock of coarse red hair, and the large gray eyes beneath wore a puzzled expression.

'Queer, queer — mighty queer,' muttered Jerry, as he spelt the words slowly over for the third time. 'Can't make it out nohow. The King, aye—well, what King, I'd like to know.'

'Oh, well,' holding it at arm's length, and surveying the wreath of wild roses and gilt letters critically, 'it's pretty, and she gave it to me.' A drop of rain fell on the glazed surface of the text-card, and Jerry placed it carefully against his waistcoat, buttoned his little ragged jacket over it, and with his hands in his pockets, set off at a brisk run.

No sooner had he reached the dingy, cheerless attic, which served for his home, than he brought out the precious card. Where could he put it ? He looked over the bare walls and then shook his head despondently. Oh, how dearly he would have liked to place it there, where his eyes could always rest on it, and he could read again and again those words, which (though he knew not their meaning) sent a strange, happy, thrill through his heart. But, no—that would not do. He thought of his drunken father, and knew too well the fate that would befall his text if it should be left within his reach. At last he decided to wrap it carefully up in a newspaper, and hide it behind an old chest of drawers, which was the principle article of furniture.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Jerry had no papers to sell that day. It had begun to rain, too, and even the bare attic room looked more cheerful than the wet, dismal street, so Jerry drew an empty box up to the window, and resting his head on his hand, commenced to think with all his might and main. It was the text that troubled him. Those words rang again and again in his ears. 'Oh, what did they mean?'

He had been strolling down one of the streets not far from his home, when his attention had been called to a small building, evidently a mission hall, from whence came clearly a strong chorus of boys' voices singing,

'We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide,
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.'

Jerry stood still and listened intently while the first verse and chorus were being sung. In the middle of the second verse a young lady came briskly down the street, and was about to enter when she caught sight of Jerry who was standing just behind the open door.

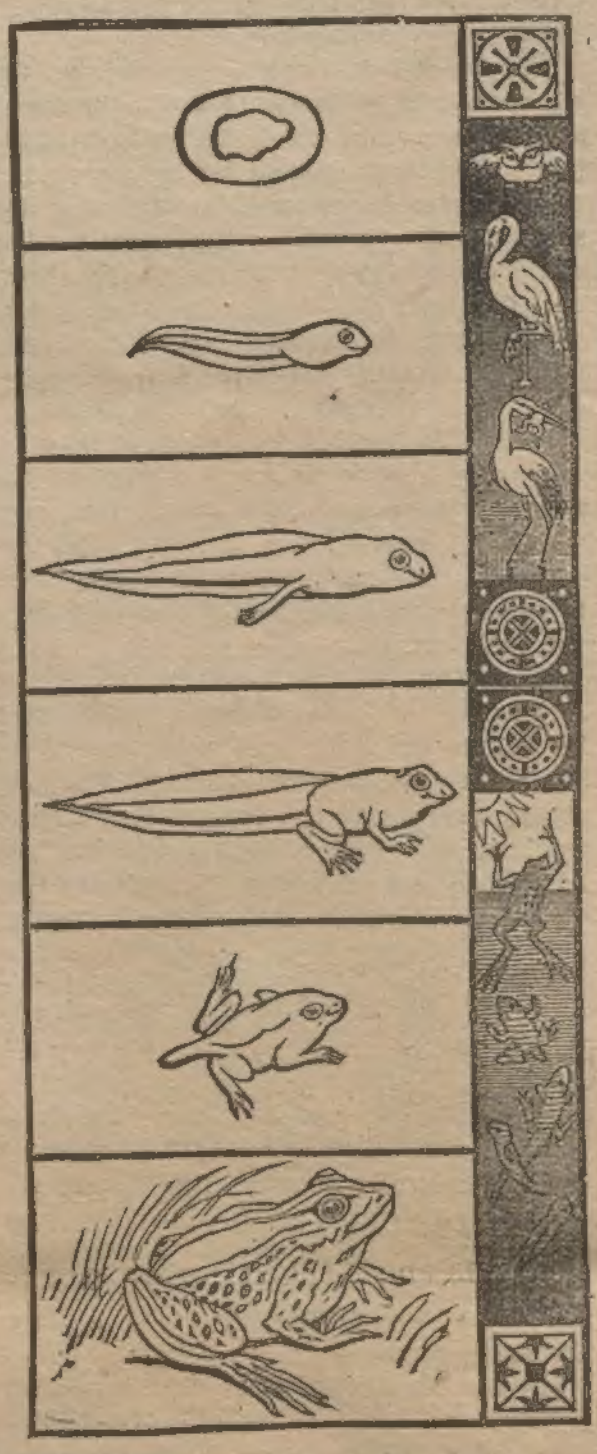
'Won't you come in?' she asked in a clear, sweet voice.

Now, this lady was young—very young, She was pretty, too. And -poor Jerry, after all he was only human — he could not possibly resist that winning smile, so he soon found himself shyly following his new friend up the aisle to a class of about ten boys, mostly of his own age.

The young lady drew up a chair for him, and he shared her hymn-book while the hymn was being finished. After this a gentleman standing on the platform prayed aloud, and then the classes circled themselves around their different teachers and the lessons began. How intently Jerry listened. It was about the three Hebrews in the fiery furnace. Helen Gordon had the true gift of story-telling, and she held her class spell-bound by her vivid narration.

Each boy at the end of the lesson was presented with a beautiful floral text-card, as it was the first Sunday of the quarter, and the young teacher so liked Jerry's bright, honest face, that she handed him one, too, although not a regular member of her class. There

ALL ABOUT A FROG.



THIS is an egg:
Watch it, I beg.

Out of this egg—
(No arm or leg)—

Comes this strange thing. [spring,
The legs now

Both front and rear.
Now this is queer,

The tail plays flop,
And goes off pop!

And soon it hops about the bog,
A happy, timid, little frog.

was more singing and more prayer, and then the school broke up.

What a hum and buzz there was, to be sure, as that roomful of merry, noisy, happy boys poured out. Jerry promised to come again, and as he held Miss Gordon's dainty, gloved hand in his, and looked up into the fair, sweet face which smiled down upon him, he thought he had never seen anyone more beautiful.

Oh, the pride that filled the little street arab's heart as he looked at that card. Never before had he owned anything like it. If he could only understand those words, how happy he should be.

While sitting thoughtfully by the window, a bright idea flashed through his mind. Could the King, the King the text spoke of, be the one Miss Gordon had been telling them of that very afternoon, the one who had ordered that those three good men should be thrown into the fiery furnace? Jerry was very sure he did not want to see him, and yet — those were the words, 'Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty. Thou shalt behold a land that is very far off.'

'Ma'be 'taint for me, anyhow,' said Jerry, with a deep-drawn sigh. 'Guess it's meant for someone else. I would like to see the King, though, (that is, if 'tain't the bad one), and, oh! I'd like to see the land, too,' he added, a little wistfully. 'Anyhow, I'll ask Miss Gordon next Sunday.'

It was Monday afternoon and Jerry was at his usual corner, a large pile of papers under his arm, and shouting his wares at the top of his voice. There was a rustle of silks, and a soft breath of perfume, as a lady dressed in rich furs passed him.

'It's her,' he whispered to himself. 'It's Miss Gordon, sure's I live,' and running up he touched her arm. The lady thus accosted turned.

'Why, Jerry,' she said with a bright smile. 'I am so glad to see you.'

'Sorry to keep you, miss, but I just wanted to ask about the King.'

'What king, Jerry?' asked Miss Gordon, in a puzzled tone.

'The King as who my text speaks of,' and Jerry slowly repeated it to her. 'Please,—oh ! please—'tain't the king as put them three good men in the fire. is it?'

'Oh, no, Jerry,' she answered with a little smile. 'It's Jesus, the great King of kings, who loved us and died for us, and if we love and trust him we shall really see him—"see him in his beauty," as the text says.'

'And the land, Miss Gordon ! What land is that ?'

'Heaven, Jerry, the home our King has prepared for us. Oh, such a beautiful home! No one is ever hungry, tired or ill there. There is no death. All is bright and beautiful. It is for all who will love and trust him, yes—you, Jerry. Any one at all. But I must go, there is my car,' and with a kind smile, and 'Be sure and come on Sunday,' she was gone.

Jerry watched her mount the steps, saw the car move off, and turning to a little ragged urchin, who had been standing at a respectful distance watching with open eyes and mouth, he said.

'She's a stunner, ain't she? None of your common folk, mind you; a real out-and-out lady.'

'Who is she?' asked the younger boy, drawing nearer.

'Who is she ? Why, she's my teacher, that's who she is,' said Jerry, his little breast swelling with pride as he spoke, and ran to a crowded car to sell his papers.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, and sharp at half-past nine Helen Gordon was at her post. But she looked in vain for Jerry. He was not there. The others seemed to know nothing of him. The young teacher had taken a great interest in the little newsboy. He had crept into her heart unawares. His bright, honest face and big, gray eyes, had taken her fancy, and ever since her strange encounter with him on the crowded street corner her interest had become greater. She was more disappointed than she could have believed possible to find his place vacant.

By a few inquiries she found her way to his home, and from the landlady she heard a sad, sad story. The night before, while running across a street, he had been struck by an electric car, severely injured, and taken to St. James Hospital, whither Helen Gordon hurried in all haste, and with an aching heart. She was only just in time. The nurse led her noiselessly to a little white bed, where Jerry lay moaning with pain. But he knew his teacher, and looked up with a bright smile into the sweet face that bent over him.

'Oh, Miss Gordon, it's nice to have you,' he said, brokenly, as he felt her soft, cool hand on his burning forehead. 'I guess I'm going to the land—you know—what I mean. You said it was for any one, didn't you?'

'Yes, Jerry, Jesus Christ died that you might go to that land, and if you believe in him and love him, you will go.'

'Oh, I do love him, Miss Gordon,' said the child, earnestly, looking at her with his whole soul in his eyes.

A terrible paroxysm of pain came on, which caused the little form to quiver all over, and left him breathless and exhausted. For a moment they thought him gone, but he opened his eyes again, and, oh! how wondrously bright they were.

'Oh! Miss Gordon, he's come for me. Oh! I'm so glad. I never thought he'd really come to take me himself, and, oh! he is so beautiful,' and with these words the young spirit took its flight. Jerry's eyes now saw the King in his beauty, and his feet, weary no longer, walked the golden streets of the land which was very far off.

Sing a Song of Pennies.

Sing a song of pennies—
Did you hear them fall
In the little mite box,
Shining ones and all?

When the box was opened
They all began to sing:
"Let us carry far and wide
A message from the King.'

Many heathen children
Need a helping hand,
Dusky little brothers
In a foreign land,

Long have they been waiting
A message from above,
'All the pennies help to tell
The story full of love.

—E. B. P. Murphy, in 'Over Land and Sea.'

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 27.

Joseph and His Brethern

Genesis xlv., 1-15.—Memory verses 4-7. Read Psalms xxxiv and xxxvii.

Golden Text.

'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'—Romans xii., 21.

Lesson Text.

(1) Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. (2) And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard. (3) And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. (4) And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom you sold into Egypt. (5) Now therefore be not grieved nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you to preserve life. (6) For these two years hath the famine been in the land and yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. (7) And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. (8) So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. (9) Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not. (10) And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be nearer unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast: (11) And there will I nourish thee; for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.

Suggestions.

The great famine was not confined to Egypt, Jacob and his family soon began to suffer for food in the land of Canaan. Jacob sent his ten older sons to buy corn in Egypt, but he kept at home his youngest son, Benjamin who was the light of his eyes.

No doubt as the ten brothers arrived in Egypt they thought much of Joseph, wondering whether he was still alive, and whether they would recognize him if they saw him in one of the slave gangs out in the fields. Perhaps if they had been looking for him in the right place they might have recognized their brother in the handsome young governor before whom they prostrated themselves in the market-place. Joseph, however, recognized his brothers who had treated him so cruelly, and as they bowed before him he also recognized the strange fulfilment of his early dreams. Wishing to try their hearts and see whether they had repented and become better men, Joseph treated them haughtily as though they were strangers, and even accused them of being spies. To prove their innocence they declared that they were ten of twelve brothers one of whom was dead and the youngest with his father at home. No man would send ten of his sons as spies for fear they should all be killed. But Joseph refused to believe them, and declared that they should all be put in prison and that he would call them spies until they could produce their youngest brother as a proof of their having spoken sincerely. For three days Joseph left them in prison, then he came to them and told them that he also worshipped Jehovah and that for his sake he would let them go, all but one who should remain in prison as a hostage until they should bring their youngest brother, Benjamin, as a proof of their innocence.

Joseph spoke to his brethren by an interpreter so they never thought of his being able to understand them, and they spoke freely amongst themselves of their guilt in selling Joseph as a slave so many years before, saying that this punishment had no doubt come upon them on his account. Joseph had to turn away to hide his tears, and as he turned again to speak to them they still had no idea that this great ruler had anything what ever to do with their lost brother Joseph.

Selected Notes.

(Peloubet.)

Come near to me. 'Probably in the first impulse of terror they had drawn away from him, as if to hide out of his sight. Joseph seeks to reassure them by a gracious invitation.'—Vincent. I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. It was impossible to evade allusion to their early wickedness, and this Joseph does in a spirit not of angry upbraiding, but of elevated piety and tender charity.—Pulpit Com. So Jesus reminded Peter of his sin in order to make the forgiveness more complete.

Practical Lessons. 1. Show the real greatness of Joseph. All the honor and the height of his position did not keep him from looking back to his boyhood days and remembering his home companions. Although these men trembling before him had treated him cruelly, and he is now in a position to give them their deserts, all this is forgotten in the thought that they are his brethren.

2. Show his love for his father. For twenty-two years his body had been away from home, but all the time his heart had been there, and now his thought is not about himself, but of the old man who so long has mourned him as dead.

8. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God. The result was to accomplish God's will. They were none the less to blame, but they need not bear the additional burden of great evil consequences to others. 'Three times does Joseph (vs, 7, 8, 9,) bring it forward to comfort them, that what they did had been of God's disposing for their own good. What a thoroughly noble heart it was that he opened to his brethren.'

Personal Application. Christians, in these scientific and materialistic times, need to learn that God not only rules over the heavenly bodies and controls the affairs of the universe, but that he also will rule in the hearts of men, when they allow him, and will so overrule everything for good that even what seems to be the greatest disaster will result in the highest good. The life of Joseph illustrates this truth. Show from the lesson facts how strong was his faith in this doctrine, and how it was exemplified in his life. While many will acknowledge this truth in Joseph's case, comparatively few live as if they believed it. The reason is, perhaps, because they go through deep waters of tribulation. But did not Joseph also? When things looked darkest to him, then it was that he was truest to God. When things were brightest to him, then he gave all the glory to God. Is not that real trust? Let us believe and honor God when we cannot understand nor trace his dealings with us, and let us recognize his hand and his love when he brings us to the large place which he has for every one of his true children.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 27.—Topic.—Bible-reading: 'I will make it the rule of my life to read the Bible every day.' 2 Tim. iii., 1-17.

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE JUNIOR AT WORK.

Mon., Oct. 21.—Praying for the society.—James v., 16.

Tues., Oct. 22.—At the service.—Col. iii., 16.

Wed., Oct. 23.—Testifying for Christ.—Isa. xliv., 5.

Thu., Oct. 24.—Little missions.—Mat. xiv., 16-19; Mark xi., 2.

Fri., Oct. 25.—Telling of Jesus.—Acts v., 42.

Sat., Oct. 26.—Leading others.—John iv., 39.

Sun., Oct. 27.—Topic.—Pledge meeting No. 5. My society duties. Rom. xii., 6-11.

Music in the Sabbath-school.

(D. Torrance Fraser, in 'Presbyterian Review.')

Children do enjoy singing; they pick up reasonable tunes very readily. Singing has an influence; are we making use of that influence, can we do better? Now as to leading, use the best means available, but please be in tune. We are educating those children and discords are not fair to children's ears; it is well to be careful as to time. But the point of most importance is the selection. That selection should be made beforehand, either by the superintendent or in concert with the teachers at the teachers' meeting. Then a record should be kept of what is sung. It is not necessary to vary all the hymns every day; the lesson hymn varies, of course, but an opening hymn can profitably be sung for a month. Some schools sing two or three hymns to begin with, a very good plan, as from a noisy hymn you can easily pass to a quiet hymn, and feel the effect. Restlessness is often stilled by a good hearty 'sing.' The lesson hymn sometimes follows the reading, or the lesson itself, impressing the subject. A remark on what is about to be sung is not out of place occasionally; intelligent singing is very profitable. It may be said that the superintendent is not always musical; then let him have assistance in the selection, only give him time to understand just what is wanted. We can all recall the use the late Mr. Moody made of singing, and we too can, with care, sing the Gospel message into our scholars' heart.

There is another point. Do our teachers see that every scholar has a hymn book, and that the hymn is turned up? Do the teachers all sing themselves and encourage the scholars to sing? Do they feel enthusiasm in this part of the service? As in all other parts of the exercises, surely teachers should set the example. Teachers on time, always present, attentive, responding to the directions of the superintendent, standing, sitting, reading, singing, all heartily. Preparation of the lesson is needed, but also the practice. A school succeeds when everyone does their part, and, after all, the teachers are a most important factor in our school work. This is sometimes overlooked.

Now you may ask what is a good tune? Generally, one with marked movement, and distinct melody; within the pitch of children's voices. It is understood that one of our committee of selection performed a labor of love, in lowering the pitch of a number of tunes in our new book to a suitable pitch. Again, what is a good hymn? Generally, one of which the words and ideas are worth remembering. Again, when is the best time to practise new hymns? Some practise on a week night for a few weeks, a very good plan. Some take fifteen minutes before the session; some put a new hymn amongst the two or three opening hymns. Again, should a whole hymn be sung? I would suggest, that often it is preferable to sing part of a hymn, and not many long verses. On the whole it is worthy of consideration, whether we do generally make the use that we ought to make, of the service of praise in our schools; I, for one, fear we do not.

Make melody in our hearts to the Lord, but use all the means. What is more inspiring than the fresh, clear, full tone of a body of children's voices?

Discouraged Christian Workers.

Have you noticed that the engine-driver in charge of a train, when he stops at a station, pays hardly any attention to the traffic at the station, no attention to the passengers—whether some millionnaire is travelling or not? But when the train stops he is out with the oil-flask, lifting the little brass covers and pouring in a few drops in one place, then another, to prevent friction and to make everything work easily; for friction means breakdown, and breakdown may mean disaster. So with Christ. Are you, my brother, the engine pulling and tugging at some Bible-class or Sabbath-school, or tract distribution in some wretched slum? You do not mean to give it up, but you feel as if the wheels are barely turning. You are making nothing of it. Think of this: The Lord looks after the engine especially. He comes with the oil of comfort and pours it on your overheated spirit.—John McNeill.

Christine's Speech;

AND HOW IT HELPED OUR UNION.

('Temperance Record.')

No girl in Burton is a greater favorite than Christine Anderson, the doctor's daughter. Always bright and pleasant, clever but never cynical, rich and not proud, she makes friends everywhere, and has a happy, helpful influence on all. It was for this reason that when I became secretary of our local Young Abstainers' Union I tried hard to get her to belong. She came to the meetings sometimes; she nearly always said afterwards they were most interesting; she persuaded her mother to let us have a garden-party in their pretty grounds; she even offered to take round invitations when she met me toiling along on a warm day with a big pile of them to deliver; but sign the pledge and become a member—no!

'It is all nonsense,' she would say when questioned. 'Teetotalism is just a fad. We don't drink wine at home; mother does not like us to, but when I go out I don't care to be singular.'

It is not like Christine to mind what people say. Sometimes she can be singular enough. For instance, her greatest friend is Dora Douglas, an utter contrast to her in every way. Cold, reserved, almost defiant in her manner, she is regarded with general dislike; no one can understand why Christine clings to her, but whatever the attraction it is very great and they are constantly together. Christine waits outside the preparatory school at which Dora is a daily governess almost every afternoon. She walks home with her to her rooms, often stays to tea, and in the evening they attend meetings and classes together. Inseparable quite!—to the amazement of most and to the disgust of some of Christine's great admirers.

People sometimes say it is an easy thing to be a secretary. I expect they never tried. At any rate, I do not find it a bed of roses. So many people to be pleasant to; a committee that needs to be consulted but scarcely ever works; every month a drawing-room to be obtained to hold our meeting in, and then, an audience to fill it must be worked for. The speaker is another difficulty, not to speak of music and singing and all the rest.

One night last winter I declared I would resign. I said so to myself as I trudged gloomily through a horrid fog to 'The Hollies,' where our meeting was going to be held. My best singer had a cold; the speaker had sent a telegram of apology; I had nothing on the programme but two recitations, some violin solos, and a notice about a sale of work to read.

'However, there won't be many there,' I thought, as I went in at the gate. We must just have some games or something, and go home early.'

But the room was fuller than I expected, and, to my surprise, Christine and Dora were both there. The hostess came to my relief at once when I poured forth all my tale of woe.

'I have my mother staying with me for a night or two,' she said. 'She often speaks on temperance; we will make her take the chair and give us an address.'

And so she did. How we enjoyed watching her beautiful old face and listening to her sweet clear voice. The room was very still as she spoke to us on influence; she seemed to make us feel the value of our lives. I had given her the number of a hymn to close the meeting with, but before she gave it out, she said:

'I think there is some one else amongst us who ought to make a speech. She is going to join your society to-night—I wish she would tell you why.'

To our amazement, she smiled at Christine who looked very much dismayed. However, she got up at once, and said quite simply:

'I don't mind if I do. I always thought until a week or two ago that teetotalism was rather an affectation on the part of some of you. It did not seem to me to really matter if we took a little wine or not. I always connected drunkenness with working men. Now I don't—that's all. I know it might attack anyone of us, that we girls even may fall into a habit very difficult to conquer. I don't want to do that, do you? I am going to sign the pledge,—will you?'

How we clapped when she sat down. It was just like Christine to talk as if she had found herself inclined to drink too much, although I don't believe any one thought for a moment that she really had been tempted. As I took her name afterwards, I said:

'Oh, Christine, I am glad. You will make others follow your example I am sure. And here is one already.'

It was Dora Douglas ready to sign the roll as well. As they went off together, I heard Dora whisper,

'You are good to help me out like this.'

And Christine answered—'Doing it to-night, no one will suspect.'

Only to-day I understood that last remark. I met Mrs. Earl, the owner of the school at which Dora works so hard. She asked me if I still continued my 'good work,' and added:

'I'm very glad you do. I nearly lost one of my best teachers a year ago because she had acquired the habit of secret drinking. Fortunately a friend stood by her and she is completely cured.'

Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., the Queen's physician, says: 'Alcohol is a poison. So is strychnine; so is arsenic; so is opium. It ranks with these agents. Health is always in some way or other injured by it; benefited by it—never.'

Correspondence

Poltimore, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Poltimore, so I thought I would write one. We live on a farm of 100 acres, and also keep the post-office. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same date as mine, July 5. For pets, I have two kittens; their names are Kitty and Minnie. My sister gets the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I go to school, and I am in the second book. My teacher's name is Mrs. Ball, and I like her very much.

HARRIET E. B. (Aged 8).

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother and sister get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like to read the letters in it. I have four brothers and two sisters, and one pet, a big black cat. I go to school and I am in the second book. My birthday is on July 11, and I am nine years old. WILLIE I.

Dear Editor,—I have only written once before, and, then, I did not see my letter in print, so I thought I would write again. I have nine pets, a cat and seven kittens and a dog. I go to school and I am in the fourth reader. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. One man here had over seven thousand bushels of wheat. We have ten horses and about eighteen cattle. My school is three miles away, and, so, of course, I drive. I have one sister, her name is Gladys and two brothers. M. D. (Aged 12).

Carbonear, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—In looking over the Correspondence in the 'Messenger,' I came across a letter from Old Perlican, which I read with interest. Perhaps you might publish this one from Carbonear. As this is my first time taking the 'Messenger,' I would like to express my appreciation of your admirable and interesting little paper. It has been in the house eight months, my brothers and sisters like reading it. The paper should be into every home. I will look with pleasure for the publication of this letter.

ROBT. M.

[We should like to get a description of Carbonear, similar to the interesting one of Old Perlican. Ed.]

Mitchell Square, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I hope this letter will not find its way to the waste basket. I have a dear little sister, three months old; her name is 'Fern.' I am sending a poem, called the 'Eagle's Rock,' I wish you would print it, if it is not too long. Yours truly,

VIOLET MERRICK, (Aged 14).

P.S.—'Janet F.,' of Orillia, might write, too.

[There is much promise shown in the lines you sent us. But there are several errors which make it impossible for us to print it. Try a shorter poem next time. Ed.]

[For the 'Messenger.'

MY DESIRE.

I would know more of Thee,
And I would ever be
Found at Thy feet,
Learning more of Thee.

Lord, draw me nearer to Thee,
Teach me Thy holy will,
Loving Father
Keep, O keep me still.

Lord, wilt Thou dwell supreme
In this poor heart of mine,
And keep me safe
Till the end of time?

And when time is over,
Take me to dwell with Thee
In the land of
The blessed and free.

JESSIE BUCHANAN. (Aged 13).
Ravenna, Ont.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

OPENING OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Again in Sabbath-school, we meet
Our friends and teachers dear.
Sabbath—best day of all the week,
God's holy day of prayer.

Bless every little band, O Lord,
Which gathers round, to hear
Thy word; and by Thy loving hands
Guide them, with tender care.

May every word bespeak Thy love;
And each face wear Thy smile;
May words be told of God above;
To keep our tongues from guile.

Lord, we remember, Thou hast said,
Let little children come,
And laid Thy hands upon each head,
And promised them a home.

Written by Esther J. Malloch, secretary of North Road Sabbath-school, Campo Bello N. B.

Your paper Free

Northern Messenger subscribers may have their own subscription extended for one year free of charge by remitting 60 cents for two **NEW** subscribers from now to the first of January 1903.

John Dougall & Son

HOUSEHOLD.

Cooking Rice.

(By Eleanor M. Lucas, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Rice is a staple article of diet that the housewife will find an agreeable food both in winter and summer. It is easily digested and pleasant to most palates. It can be prepared in so many dainty ways, and if properly treated may appear several times in the course of a meal without exciting either surprise or remark.

A cream of rice is an excellent soup to precede a light dinner, as it contains greater food value than a clear meat soup. Boil three tablespoonfuls of well-washed rice in a quart of water, add one green onion, three outer leaves of green celery, a sprig of parsley and one bay leaf. Cook until the rice is very tender; rub through a sieve. Return to the fire, add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, and the yolks of two eggs, well beaten and mixed with a pint of hot milk. Let it just come to a boil, and serve. In place of the egg and milk, a pint of stewed tomatoes may be used.

Rice Quenelles are excellent to serve in soups or stews. Boil half a cup of rice in one cup of water for twenty minutes, adding a teaspoonful of salt. Remove from the fire and add two eggs that have been well beaten. When cool enough to handle, form into very small balls, about the size of a small plum, roll in flour and drop into boiling soup, or into the stew. Cook ten minutes.

Rissote. This is an Italian method of cooking rice and finds favor with many. Fry one tablespoonful of chopped onion in a tablespoonful of butter. When slightly brown add one cupful of well-washed rice, stir over the fire until the rice is pale brown. Be careful in stirring, as it burns readily. When brown add two cups of boiling water, stir until the water is well mixed with the rice, add a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cook half an hour on the back of the stove, and serve as a vegetable. Children are very fond of this rice, and served with good beef gravy, it forms a substantial meal. Rice should always be very gently stirred, so as to keep the grains as whole as possible, and a fork is to be preferred in stirring, as a spoon is liable to crush it.

A savory method of cooking a round steak, which, as a rule, is rather tough, is to cut two pounds of steak in thin strips. Fry it in a tablespoonful of butter until brown. Place it in a saucepan, scatter over it three tablespoons of raw rice, add a small onion sliced, a bunch of parsley, a heaping teaspoonful of salt and a red pepper pod. Cover with a quart of water and simmer very slowly for one and a half hours. In place of beef you can use sausages, when it will require about half an hour's cooking.

Rice and tomatoes; Wash one cupful of rice and drain it well. Butter a two-quart baking dish, put in the bottom half a can of tomatoes, over it scatter the rice, add a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoon of pepper. Cover with the remainder of the tomatoes. Put a cover on the dish and bake in a slow oven for one hour. This is excellent to serve at luncheon, or with meat at dinner.

Rice well boiled in salted water and cooled in a square pan, then cut in thick slices, can be used in various ways. It is nice fried and served with poached eggs for breakfast; or spread with grated cheese, place on a baking pan and set in a hot oven to heat and melt the cheese; or it may be spread with apple sauce, and placed in the oven to heat, when it forms an excellent dessert for little folks.

Rice croquettes may be served as an entree with a meat course, or for dessert. If to be served as an entree serve with them some thick unsweetened sauce. This may be a cream sauce, a tomato sauce or a nut sauce. Rich meat sauces are also served with rice croquettes.

Rice souffle: This is an excellent dish for breakfast, and may be made from left-over rice. Mix one cup of cooked rice with one cup of hot milk. Place it over the fire, and when it comes to a boil, remove and add the yolks of three eggs, beaten until thick. Butter a shallow baking-pan, add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff foam, to the rice, turn into the baking-pan and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve in place of an omelette. If half a cup of sugar is added to the rice, it may be served as a dessert, with custard or fruit sauce.

Rice with peaches: Cook one cup of washed rice in boiling salted water until tender. Place on the back of the stove and cook very slowly, until the water is all absorbed. Line small buttered cups with the rice, fill the centres with canned peaches, cut into small pieces; cover the peaches with more rice. Steam them over hot water for twenty minutes. Turn from the cups and serve hot with a peach sauce. Use the juice drained from the peaches, add an equal bulk of water and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, rubbed in a tablespoonful of butter. Add the juice and grated rind of a lemon and strain.

Rice and orange pudding: Boil the rice as in previous recipe until tender. Put half in a buttered pan, spread over it three oranges that have been peeled and divided into small pieces; add a cup of sugar, cover with the rest of the rice and spread the top with bits of butter. Cook in the oven for one hour. Serve hot. This is a very delicious pudding.

ON TRIAL

Two Great Journals,

Weekly World Witness Wide.

To January 1st, 1902.

Only 20 Cents.

Samples Sent Free on Application.

Please tell your friends of this offer.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, "Witness" Building, Montreal.

Advertisements.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S COCOA

Prepared from the finest selected Cocoa, and distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior quality and highly Nutritive properties. Sold in quarter-pound tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

Advertisements.

A good looking horse and poor looking harness is the worst kind of a combination.
Eureka Harness Oil
not only makes the harness and the horse *look* better, but makes the leather soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last twice as long as it ordinarily would.
Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by
IMPERIAL OIL CO.
Give Your Horse a Chance!

We Will Give $5.00

For the best Essay written by a Boy or Girl under 16 years of age—essay to contain not more than 200 words: on

'WHY I EAT SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS'

The competition closes on Nov. 30th, 1901.

Send your Essay, giving age and name, to

THE NATURAL FOOD CO.
61 Front Street East,
Dept. W. TORONTO.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'